

did not last long, did it?" "No; the flakes came down mixed with rain, and I remember it seemed so it made me cry."

CATHERING SPOTS OF SPANISH CAMPAIGN.
The Pelado campaign had stirred up the Rio Gallo settlements to the depths of the lowest bottom jungles, and all along the river road we met foragers on starved mules, or youngsters dragging along bundles of ragged dry-goods.

The Spaniards had declined to collect such spoils, and were now far away, north of the Mayo Mountains, chasing the scattered detachments of the bandits, who had left mementos of their defeat enough to keep our neighbors busy for a month.

And a foray into a deserted *hacienda* of Ashantines could not have evolved stronger relics. Two miles below the mouth of Macho Creek our guide pointed out a tree where one of the avengers had hung up a mop of human hair—not a result of his private scalp-hunts, but a keepsake recovered from an encampment of the fugitive cut-throats.

"They had necklaces of knuckle-bones, some of them," said old Charley, "and what do you suppose Pete Mariscal found in the cabin of a black victim that had skipped out when her friends caught it in the neck? It looked like a bunch of mushrooms that had been hanging in the chimney till they got shriveled out of shape, but when he examined it he found that it was a string of dried ears that those devils had brought along from some massacred village, and let her have it to hang up in her curiosity corner. They ought to be nailed to a post by their own ears, and—hallo, here comes my boy Pancho," he interrupted himself. "Now we can find out if your mules are still in the right place."

"They have moved," reported the youngster, "but only about a mile, and I'm now watching them in a cove on Klaton Creek—just as quiet as a place as the first—and there isn't a one missing."

"Good boy!" said Lieut. Salinez, patting the messenger's head; "you shall have half a dollar if we find them where you say. You will go along and show us, won't you?"

"Yes, sir; gimme a chew of tobacco, please?" begged Pancho, preferring to realize on his credit without loss of time.

He was only about eight years old, but in the Spanish West Indies the nicotine habit has become as universal as the coffee habit in the Southern Allagaries, where squatters who cannot find their youngsters in shoes would think it a shame to let them go to school in the morning without a "drop of something warm" in the form of a narcotic decoction. I have seen the toddling baby of a Cuban beggar woman filch cigars and matches from the pocket of his sleeping mother, and chuckle in a cloud of poison-vapor that protruded the repose of the maternal siesta.

"Why, certainly, he's going along," said old Charley; "but I know the road myself; we'll have the whole bunch safe by dinner-time, if that mare don't play us tricks before we get her up."

Lieut. Salinez then proceeded to explain the plan of operations. The eight mules were going to be turned into hippographic sausages, and we had brought sharpshooters enough to surround them and drop them in their tracks if they should try to stampede, but the possibility of making them trudge to camp on their own legs would save us a lot of trouble, as well as the use of the white mare as a decoy, and hobble her just in sight of the troop, without revealing a glimpse of her proprietors.

"Hablan las mulas de su tio, el caballero," says a Spanish proverb—"Mules love to talk about their big uncle, Mr. Horse," and they certainly whinny with joy at the mere sight of their equine relatives. Stock-breeders, driving a troop of mules to the next railway depot, may save themselves the trouble of halter arguments, if they can keep their saddle-horse from kicking; the fascinated mules will crowd around, like country girls around a bushy sergeant, and follow the object of their admiration through crowded streets right into the trap of a stockyard corral.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE. Mr. Fetherman's long residence in the insurgent camp gave him a thorough knowledge of the customs of the Cubans. The forthcoming chapters are of unusual interest.

Work of the Pension Office.
The report of certificates issued for the week ending April 15 shows—
Army invalid: Original, 43; increase and additional, 406; restoration and renewal, 43; duplicate, 44; accrued, 109; total, 653.
Army invalid (act June 27, 1890): Original, 254; increase, 466; additional, 416; restoration and renewal, 45; duplicate, 45; accrued, 119; total, 1,119.
Army invalid (war with Spain): Original, 2.
Army widow, etc.: Original, 33; increase and additional, 1; restoration and renewal, 1; duplicate, 14; accrued, 2; total, 72.
Army widow, etc. (act June 27, 1890): Original, 232; increase and additional, 1; restoration and renewal, 1; duplicate, 4; accrued, 6; total, 244.
Mexican War—Widows: Original, 3; increase and additional, 4; duplicate, 1; accrued, 6; total, 13.
Indian Wars—Survivors: Original, 3; increase and additional, 4; duplicate, 1; accrued, 6; total, 13.
Indian Wars—Widows: Original, 3; increase and additional, 4; duplicate, 1; accrued, 6; total, 13.
Totals: Original, 677; increase and additional, 466; restoration and renewal, 45; duplicate, 45; accrued, 244; Grand total, 2,431.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. C. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

More events of importance have taken place in the Philippines during the past week, or, rather, news from there has been of a rather startling character. On April 18 it was cable that on April 12 the Yorktown visited Balzer, Luzon, east coast of Luzon, Philippine Islands, for the purpose of rescuing and bringing away Spanish forces consisting of 80 soldiers, three officers and two pilots surrounded by 400 insurgents. Lieut. J. C. Gilmore and 14 others, while making an examination of the mouth of the river in an armed boat, were ambushed, fired upon and captured. This was referred to in our last issue. Nothing has been heard of the men since. Admiral Dewey in an interview said the expedition of the gunboat Yorktown to Balzer was purely to rescue the Spanish soldiers and pilots. Admiral Dewey did not know what had become of Lieut. Gilmore and the 14 men in the launch. He had been sent to sound the mouth of the river, but went beyond the bend, out of sight of the Yorktown. The support of the Spanish soldiers, the support of the Spaniards or the 400 insurgents who were besieging the Spanish garrison. Admiral Dewey declined to say what steps he would take toward a punitive expedition. Gen. Hiss, the Spanish commander, when interviewed said he did not think

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"Spring Unlocks The Flowers To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood. "The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." BENJ. E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc. "A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and indigestion of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took, cured me. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SULLIVAN, 1214 W. 14th St., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism. "My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children for good results." MRS. J. B. McMANIS, Stamford, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla NEVER DISAPPOINTS.
Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, non-frustrating and non-diminishing to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Gold Plated Chisel

FREE
Your choice of this beautiful gold plated chisel, or a gold plated ring, for selling 10¢ of our **LADIES' GOLD PLATED BEAUTY PINS** (Regular price 10¢ each).
NO MONEY REQUIRED.
Just send us your name and address, saying you will sell the pins or return them, and we will mail them at once, on receipt of your letter. Every body needs several of these pins. You can sell them in a few minutes at 5¢ each. Send for them today.
LADIES' PIN CO.
306 Schiller Building, Chicago

A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

She writes an interesting little letter to Dr. Peter Fahmy, of Chicago, Ill., which is followed by a letter from her mother, Gardenville, Nev., Feb. 27, 1899.
Dear Dr. Peter Fahmy: I am going to tell you what my medicine has done for me. I have saved my life, and I thank God and you for it. I had been sick all the time since I was a baby, and oh, such weak and sore eyes as I had! I could not see anything without glasses, but now I can read, write, sew, crochet, and do anything without them. Mamma commenced giving me your medicine in the month of March. Two bottles cured me completely. I had been sick since I was a baby, and I was so small that people used to think that I was only 8 years old, although I was 12. I have grown like everything since I used the Vitalizer. I am now 14, and as strong and well as anyone can be.
Yours truly,
Theresa Syll.

Her Mother Writes.
Gardenville, Nev., Feb. 27, 1899.
Dr. Peter Fahmy, Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sir: Two years ago I gave your Blood Vitalizer a trial, and the results far exceeded my highest expectations. I had a daughter 12 years old, who was ailing from top to toe. What was the matter, either no doctor, no mortal man seemed able to know. We have been in America six years, and both here and in Germany we consulted eminent physicians, but all in vain. She seemed to have a severe constitutional disease. She also got some other medicine, and a renowned oculist was treated her for over a year, but her eyes failed to get any better. During that time we purchased seven pairs of spectacles for her. As soon as she got out of bed in the morning, she was obliged to put on her glasses in order to see anything. Many a time we were glad to get her to take her, as I could not bear to see her suffer. In the midst of my distress, I received a copy of your paper, the *Surprise*. I said to her father: "We have tried everything else, let us make a trial of this remedy, too." We wrote to you in regard to the Blood Vitalizer, and you sent me a bottle. I gave it to her, and she received the medicine. We used nine bottles, but what a miracle it produced! She is now as lively as a cricket; attends school, does not have to wear glasses, and has grown over 8 inches during the last year. Everyone who saw her a few years ago and saw her now is surprised at the remarkable change. All this is due to your Blood Vitalizer. I recommend your medicine to everybody whenever I have an opportunity. If you desire you may publish this, so that others may learn of the miraculous effect of your medicine. I will not be satisfied until I become agents for your medicine, so that we might do some good in this neighborhood.
Very respectfully,
Mrs. Matilda Syll.
P. S.—My daughter is going to write to you herself.

Dr. Peter Fahmy has surprised many by his peculiar efficacy in the treatment of blood and constitutional disorders. It holds an unbroken record of success. It is not a drug store medicine, but is sold to the people direct, or through local agents. For further particulars address Dr. Peter Fahmy, 112-114 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE MOVEMENT IN FORCE.
News of the engagement was hurried back to Malolos, and while the Americans held their ground gallantly against a far stronger numerical force, Gen. Hale hastened forward with reinforcements for the Philippine army. Two battalions of the 1st Neb. regiment and six companies of the 5th Iowa, with four field guns, were quickly on the scene, and attacked the rebels. The rebels, who were in a strong position, were ultimately driven from their position.

On April 21 at 6 o'clock in the morning three companies of the 1st Neb. regiment marched from Bocaue, and in conjunction with three companies of the Minnesota regiment from Guiguinto, north of Bocaue, encountered a rebel force numbering fully 500 men two miles out. The rebels retired three miles in fairly good order, in spite of the fact that they were heavily outnumbered. The Americans, having exhausted their ammunition, were compelled to return to their camps.

A force of about 200 rebels the day before attacked the outpost of the 1st Neb. regiment near Taguig, south of Pasig and Pateros. Two companies immediately engaged the enemy and advanced into the open in the morning. The rebels checked and routed after two hours' fighting, leaving 12 men killed on the field and several wounded.

At daybreak on the 23d Lawton started out with the North Dakota regiment, part of the 3d Inf., the 23d Inf., two guns of Scott's Battery, three troops of the 4th Cav., and Gen. Lawton's squadron, and over the roads about Novales, driving the enemy, the purpose seeming to be to outflank the Filipinos before joining Gen. MacArthur.

Information received at the War Department Monday, indicates that Gen. Otis is about to execute another important movement. The objective point is the point of Calumpit, lying about eight miles northwest of Malolos. It was here that the insurgents concentrated their main force, and it was here that they were driven out of the city. The purpose of this movement is to get up a new capital and making it the base of their operations. In moving on this stronghold, Gen. Otis proposes to divide his force into two columns. The first one, under Maj. Gen. MacArthur, has for its purpose pushing straight forward from Malolos along the railroad and striking at Calumpit from the south. The second one is under Maj. Gen. Lawton, who, with his flying column, is moving far around to the northeast, to the large town of Guiguinto, from which point he will turn abruptly west toward Calumpit. This last move will take about 10 days, and military strategists look upon it as the most important move of the campaign. The double operation makes Calumpit the center for the next few days, while attention will be divided between MacArthur's column advancing from Malolos, and Lawton's column advancing from Guiguinto. The latter move is a bold one, and it is a substantially built town with some 2,000 houses.

THE MOVEMENT IN FORCE.
There has been a demand in many quarters from relatives and friends of the volunteers in the Philippines that they be mustered out as soon as possible. Numerous telegrams to this effect have been sent to the soldiers, and some persons have declared that there is a plot on foot among the anti-expansionists to embarrass the Administration in this matter.

At any rate, it is announced that the volunteers are to be sent home for muster-out. Gen. Otis can assure us that their transportation is being arranged. The War Department accepts the contention that all these troops are entitled to their discharge. In consequence of the transportation of the troops to Spain, and the possibility of foreign complications which might arise from any action tending to recognize the independence of a state of war against the Filipino insurgents. Preference will be given to those having the longest service in the Philippines. To replace these troops in the Philippines, about 14,000 regulars will be dispatched to Manila as soon as the necessary transportation can be provided. The plans of the Department contemplate placing about 35,000 troops in the disposal of Gen. Otis in the early fall, and to make the changes so gradually that his military strength will not fall below his present figure of about 24,000 effective men.

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The Rapidan River was crossed at Germania Ford on another pontoon bridge at 7 o'clock. The crackling of musketry was growing sharper all the time.

Along a narrow road through a tangled forest we hurried on. A short halt was made near a house where the ambulances were bringing in wounded. A flag with a Greek cross indicated that it was the Sixth Corps hospital. I visited the house, which had been taken by the surgeons as an operating room. As I entered two attendants brought in a powerful soldier, his leg shattered by a shell. A handkerchief had been tied around the limb and twisted tightly with a bayonet. Even to my unpracticed eye it was plain that the leg was hopelessly mangled, and nothing but amputation would save the man's life. At the sight of the table and the surgeons, who stood with rolled-up sleeves, the wounded man began to scream and resist violently. "Oh, Doctor, don't take off my leg!" he cried. "I can't be a cripple all my life!"

"That's all right, my boy," said the Surgeon soothingly; "but I must tie up these arteries or you will bleed to death. Better take a little chloroform to stop the pain."

The Surgeon glanced significantly at an attendant, who clapped a sponge to the nostrils of the wounded man. "Now take long breaths, and count seven slowly," said the Doctor. Before seven was counted the man was insensible, and in a few seconds the mangled limb was amputated and the attendants were applying the bandages. I hurried outside. I was growing sick. Outside, under the trees and tents, were hundreds of wounded. There was a pit near the house, 10 feet long, five feet wide, and four feet deep, half-filled with the amputated members of the wounded. Many of them had the army shoe and stocking still on them. Some of the hands, I noticed, were powder-stained and blackened, showing that their owner had been in the front line of battle, and had been doing his duty faithfully.

But there was no time for sentimental musings. The order rang out sharply, "Fall in—Forward, March!" We were off again, still pushing for the front. The officers' swords were drawn and their pistol holsters were pulled well around on the right side.

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"Dat am de Johnnies, suah 'nuff," said Sergt. Worrell, who had been an army teamster for nearly three years. "You yers' dat music," he added, addressing the men in the ranks, as a terrific crash of musketry rose in answer to the charging yell. "How you likes it? It's to yere dat an' not git skeered by

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You must expect to suffer if within easy reach of a remedy that is almost sure to bring you speedy relief. When we say our brace is sure to bring speedy relief, we mean it is a remedy for all sorts of Female Weakness, we simply tell you what our women have told us. Medicine rarely cures such cases. Our Brace gives satisfaction in 98% of them. Read the following:
Money Refunded if Brace is not Satisfactory.
Send for full information and illustrated book, mailed free, in plain, sealed envelope. Address:
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Along a narrow road through a tangled forest we hurried on. A short halt was made near a house where the ambulances were bringing in wounded. A flag with a Greek cross indicated that it was the Sixth Corps hospital. I visited the house, which had been taken by the surgeons as an operating room. As I entered two attendants brought in a powerful soldier, his leg shattered by a shell. A handkerchief had been tied around the limb and twisted tightly with a bayonet. Even to my unpracticed eye it was plain that the leg was hopelessly mangled, and nothing but amputation would save the man's life. At the sight of the table and the surgeons, who stood with rolled-up sleeves, the wounded man began to scream and resist violently. "Oh, Doctor, don't take off my leg!" he cried. "I can't be a cripple all my life!"

"That's all right, my boy," said the Surgeon soothingly; "but I must tie up these arteries or you will bleed to death. Better take a little chloroform to stop the pain."

The Surgeon glanced significantly at an attendant, who clapped a sponge to the nostrils of the wounded man. "Now take long breaths, and count seven slowly," said the Doctor. Before seven was counted the man was insensible, and in a few seconds the mangled limb was amputated and the attendants were applying the bandages. I hurried outside. I was growing sick. Outside, under the trees and tents, were hundreds of wounded. There was a pit near the house, 10 feet long, five feet wide, and four feet deep, half-filled with the amputated members of the wounded. Many of them had the army shoe and stocking still on them. Some of the hands, I noticed, were powder-stained and blackened, showing that their owner had been in the front line of battle, and had been doing his duty faithfully.

But there was no time for sentimental musings. The order rang out sharply, "Fall in—Forward, March!" We were off again, still pushing for the front. The officers' swords were drawn and their pistol holsters were pulled well around on the right side.

GOING INTO ACTION.
The musketry was rolling wildly now. Wounded men, painfully making their way to the hospital, lined the road.

"Double-quick, men. Close up, boys; never mind the sore feet. Drop your knapsack if you can't carry it."

Every man was in his place. Suddenly we turned off the road into the tangled brush. A shrill, ear-piercing yell was heard.

"Dat am de Johnnies, suah 'nuff," said Sergt. Worrell, who had been an army teamster for nearly three years. "You yers' dat music," he added, addressing the men in the ranks, as a terrific crash of musketry rose in answer to the charging yell. "How you likes it? It's to yere dat an' not git skeered by

COL. J. M. STOTENBURG.
Gallant Officer of the 1st Neb. Killed at Quiguita.
Col. John Miller Stotenburg, 1st Neb., who was killed Sunday at Quiguita, held the rank of Major in the Regular Army. He was born in Indiana in 1855, and was a son of Judge John H. Stotenburg. He entered the Military Academy from Indiana in 1877, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 6th U. S. Cav. upon his graduation, in 1881. He was promoted First Lieutenant in 1889, and Captain in 1895. He served with his regiment in Arizona and New